Moonshine.

BY THE LUNARIAN SOCIETY.

Velut inter ignes Luna Minores.

HORACE.

Like Moonshine when the Lamps are out.

TIM. VARNISH, F. L. S.

No. 2. *Tuesday, June 30th,* 1807.

BY THE MAN IN THE MOON.

The gentle reader of our pages, if he has ever had the good luck to increase his knowledge of natural history by stumbling over a hornet's nest, may form some notion of the situation of authors on their first appearance before the public. The buzz and general commotion of the venemous insects that sally forth on the first attack of their hive, are a perfect type of the din and persecution that surround the wight who has dared to tread within the purlieus of a printing office. Assailed on all sides by their stings and their hummings, you know not whether to advance or to retreat, amid the shower of hail shot that whizzes by you. If you turn to the right, you are followed by a band of them whose piano song "makes *no* music to your ear;" and if you face about to avoid these, you will have half a dozen others hit you *forte* in the forehead. The only way to escape their fury, is to fall flat upon the ground until the storm is passed over.

Such is the situation to which already the Moonshine-weavers find themselves exposed. No sooner did our first number make its appearance than all the drones in the community began in full chorus to sound the alarm, and every critic wasp sharpened his sting and advanced to the assault. We must confess, that though we have not many among us who are chicken-hearted, we were

somewhat appalled when we saw the formidable battalia opposed to us; and we felt, by anticipation, the smarting of a thousand wounds. Luckily for us, their attacks were all directed against the yellow paper envelope which the publisher had provided for our lucubrations, and though numberless stings were found sticking in our motto and the publisher's advertisement, one only, had penetrated as far as the black letter title in the first page.

In another quarter we witnessed a different scene. The *geese* were all in an uproar. These sagacious animals readily perceived that the promulgation of the Egyptian secret would expose them to be bridled and hoodwinked by every Moonshine-monger—and in one voice began to scream out their apprehensions. No truant spaniel could have created greater confusion in the flock. Some hissed, some screamed, some clapped their wings, and some waddled off as fast as their fears could carry them. Hogarth's musician would have gone into convulsions at the discord, and I found it necessary for myself, (who am accustomed to the harmony of the spheres) to stop my ears with cotton. Such is the terror produced by perils that we are not accustomed to, that though this gentle race has, without a murmur, submitted to be *roasted* from time immemorial, yet at the first hint of bridles every gander felt himself impelled to exert himself in defence of his liberty. * * * * * * * * * *
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IN CONTINUATION,

BY VINCENT LUNARDI, Esq. *Sec. Lu. So.*

Our worthy president had written thus far when he received an order to go up and snuff the moon, leaving to

me the office of concluding his account of our persecutions. My readers must understand that these observations were made in anticipation of what was to happen, being actually written before our first number was sent to the press; for we had no doubt that the moment we appeared in print the whole world would be interested about us. As soon as I found the task of writing this number devolved on myself, as I have not the same gift of foresight as our president, I resolved to wait until the day of publication before I ventured to predict what would take place.

On Saturday morning, then, I arose with the sun, shaved myself with such expedition as to slice off the point of my chin, and having repaired the damage with court plaister, put on my new wig and sallied out to hear what the world said of us. I had scarce ~~got into~~ arrived in Market-street when I saw several of the *literati* of the city hurrying along as if in eager pursuit of something, "Now, said I to myself, shall I witness the triumph of our society; with what anxiety do these gentlemen haste to the bookseller's to peruse our pages!" I stopped the first I met and asked him why he went so fast, "I am afraid, answered he, that I shall find nothing fit to eat if I do not make haste to the market," and left me. The next gave me a similar answer, and so did the third. I remained confused and mortified. "Strange! thought I, that intellectual food and even Moonshine, should be neglected, for the sake of the vulgar gratification of a good dinner!" Home I went again, muttering to myself all the way, and lamenting the degeneracy of these latter times. After a while I began to comfort myself with supposing that my friends had been too much occupied to hear of our work at so early an hour, and resolved to go

out again after breakfast. I gulped down my coffee, seized my hat, and marched forth a second time. The good people of the town were all busy in settling the weather, enquiring the price of water stock, or retailing the last news from Richmond. Nobody spoke of us or our productions. The critics were silent on the subject, and the *geese*,* good souls! seemed to be under no kind of apprehension. My surprise rose to astonishment, and I actually began to entertain doubts of the infallibility of our worthy president. I at last bent my way to the publisher's, and there received some alleviation of my chagrin by being told that more than two thirds of our edition had been already disposed of. But how to account for the silence of the world? I must confess it posed me. In the midst of my reveries I met with Peter Pry, a member of our society. Peter is one of those men, who are said to have a very ingenious turn. Even when a boy he evinced his talent for enquiry by taking to pieces his father's gold repeater, in order to discover its structure, and although the old gentleman grumbled very much at the watchmaker's bill for the many repairs which were necessary to set it a going again, he could not help praising the lad's ingenuity, and predicted that he would prove a man of great penetration. From his own actual observation he ascertained that roast beef was prepared by turning it on a spit before the fire, but that to boil it, it was necessary to put it in a pot with water. The motives of human action were also the frequent subjects of his research, and he was frequently

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* Note.—These are not the birds to which the world is indebted for the article of *goose quills*, but another genus *without feathers*, not yet described by naturalists. But more of them hereafter.

driven out of the room by his elder sister, when hiding himself under a table to find out what it was that she and her lover, Mr. Meadows, were so fond of talking about. When he entered into business, he soon distinguished himself by some notable speculations. On hearing that at a certain port provisions were very scarce, he immediately concluded that it would be profitable to send some there for sale, but unfortunately made the mistake of dispatching his vessel to a town in the Mediterranean, instead of one of the same name in the West-Indies. In political matters his penetration is unrivalled, and when some suspicious editor had asserted that there was " something rotten in the state of Denmark," he took up Morse's Geography, to look for Denmark, and not finding it among the United States of America, observed that the frequent accession of new states to the union rendered it necessary that a new edition of that work should be published every year. Peter had no sooner learned my difficulties, than, without the aid either of an almanack or a slate and pencil, he began to tell me that it was owing to our work appearing at this particular time of the year that it experienced so much neglect. " Consider, my dear sir," said he, " that at this time many of our belles, have gone to the country, and you certainly would not have their admirers eat, drink, sleep, or think of any thing else during their absence. Besides, there is another reason for it: we do not publish by subscription. Could we but once have induced the good folks of the town, to sign an obligation, to patronize the work, before they knew any thing about it, they would afterwards in self defence, have extolled it to the skies. Publish it then by subscription. If you wish to succeed, publish it by subscription."---Such

was my friend Peter's advice ; but as our aim is not so much to secure applause as to merit it, it has not so much weight with me as he wished for. I was still anxious to hear something of our work.

I at last ventured to ask some of the criticks if they had seen this new importation of Moonshine, and by dint of questioning, contrived to make it the subject of conversation. The acumen of all the party was immediately exerted to settle the important question, " who are the authors ?" So great was their scepticism that not one of the company could be induced to believe that it was the Man in the Moon himself who wrote the article that bears his name. At last, after making him the representative of half the town, it was unanimously agreed that, seeing they were all of different opinions, not more than one of them could be the right one, and this every individual asserted was his own.

This weighty affair being put to rest, we proceeded to discuss the merits of the production. As all the world knows that a reputation for critical discernment can be acquired only by shewing how much better any thing might have been done, they will readily conclude that amendments in plenty were offered. Every man wished the work to be just such another as he wonld have written ; and every one endeavored, like Procrustes, to pare it down to his own standard. There was, however, one who was more insufferably troublesome than all the rest. He persisted in praising the work without reserve or qualification. On the type and paper he dwelt with ecstasy ; the style, he asserted, was just such as he would have used himself; and he quoted a score of witty passages (as he called them) which the writers as little intended to be witty as they did that they should be

sublime. I had, by this time, got enough of criticism, and made my escape before he had concluded.

In the evening, I made a tour among my female acquaintances, and in their commendations received an ample recompence for the mortifications I had received in the morning. It befits not me to repeat the many flattering marks of approbation that our endeavours to please them received. In our future numbers they shall see that the Lunarians are not insensible of the value of their applause, nor of the merit of the donors.

V. L.

The following is by a member of our society, who is said to be a young man of some promise. The verses are supposed, by some, to relate to a certain stream of water in the neighbourhood of this city called Jones's Falls, but on this head I shall not venture to give my opinion, seeing that the author hath not named it in his performance. I would, however, advise him not to go to sleep again by the water-side, exposed to the night air, or he may chance to catch cold.

COPERNICUS PTOLEMY, V. P. L. S. L. L. D.
F. S. N. A. &c. &c. &c.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY EDWIN ARION, F. L. S.

Still was the night, and every gale
Had died along the winding vale;
Smooth was the surface of the flood
And echo slumber'd by the wood;
The broad full moon's unclouded light
Shone on each turret's vane-topp'd height
Flash'd frequent from the bubbling rill,
And gleam'd upon the distant hill.

When by the stream of humble name,
Which might a higher title claim,
With loitering steps I bent my way,
As chance or fancy bade me stray.
The murmur of the distant town
Had less and less each moment grown,
The hurrying tread was heard no more,
The din of rattling wheels was o'er,
And not a sound met fancy's ear
Save such as fancy loves to hear.
The distant watch-dogs bay'd the moon;
The beetle humm'd his drowsy tune;
Where o'er the rocks the water fell
The sound oft rose in solemn swell;
As oft lull'd to a softer strain,
Then, fitful, murmur'd loud again.
Where from the casement stream'd a light
The flute's soft voice stole on the night,
With mellow breathings sad and slow,
And swelling tones and warblings low;
Meet notes to sooth a lover's care,
Or rapt enthusiast ling'ring there.

On such an hour alone to stray
And feel not inspiration's sway,
Requires a heart of dullest mould
That faintly moves a bosom cold—
A warmer glow my veins had known,
And fancy found me all her own.

Led by her hand I trac'd the stream,
That glitter'd in the lunar beam,
Now rushing o'er a rocky bed,
In smooth expanse now calmly spread.
Where every beech upon its side
Threw a dark shadow o'er the tide.
Much did I muse if other times

In Grecian or in Tuscan climes,
Had suffered such a stream so long
To rest unhonoured by a song ?
For never stream that yet arose,
More beauteous and more limpid flows.
No stream can boast of cooler shades
Upon its banks, nor fairer maids.
Long since Ilyssus' attic wave
A theme to many a poet gave,
On Arno's banks the muse appear'd,
The song on Tajo's shores was heard,
And oft the breeze at eventide
Sighs thro' the harp on Arun's side ;
Yet equal charms this stream adorn,
With name uncouth, of song forlorn.
Fir'd with the theme my pulse beat high,
The frenzy glisten'd in my eye.
" Be mine the task, I cried, to give
" These waters in my lay to live :
" For not unknown to me the glow,
" The warmth divine that poets know :
" And not in vain my verse may claim
" Some portion of approving fame.
" Be mine the stream's due praise to bear
" Where none would else its merits hear ;
" And it shall bid my humble lay
" Endure to many a distant day.
" And while its waves shall roll, so long
" Upon its banks my song be sung."
The thought was dear, and still it grew
To endless length with visions new.
Advent'rous fancy dar'd to climb
The dizzy heights of after time,
And in succession bade appear
Long deeds of every future year ;

I saw this stream unknown so long
Swell proudly to my plausive song;
I saw the nymphs its margin rove
And Dryads start from every grove.
Warm inspiration sudden came,
And touch'd my bosom with his flame,
And fires which had been long conceal'd
Burst forth again, to view reveal'd.
Then rose my former pride of song,
By graver studies banished long.
My soul pursued its ancient themes,
And rioted in blissful dreams;
Spurn'd the low toil of vulgar care
And sordid lucre's golden glare;
And would have left e'en India's throne
To range the green-wood path alone,
Or on the sandy beach to stray
And count the sea-shells on my way,
Or by the spreading oak reclin'd
To listen to the murmuring wind.
Short fever of the heated brain!
I was the poet all again.

But ah! how quick each scene decays
Gilded by fancy's meteor rays!
Cold thought but cross'd my wilder'd head,
And all the fond illusion fled.

When each warm thought that hope supplies
Chill'd by reflection sudden dies,
How sick! how sad the bosom feels!
While dull disgust upon it steals.
I felt my idle schemes were wrong,
And almost curs'd my love of song.
"'Twas hence, I cried, my troubles grew,
"'Twas hence, that first remorse I knew!
"For many a long past hour may cry

"'Twas wasted as it flitted by,
" In restless toil, or raptures vain,
" While framing some poetic strain.
"In vain did fortune's fav'ring gale
" To wealth impel the swelling sail,
" I reck'd nor winds nor leading star,
" But left the golden port afar.
" No more the passing hours shall view
" These fancies rest with me anew.
" Romantic thoughts ! and waking dreams !
" Wild frenzies ! visionary schemes!
" With you, no more I seek to dwell,
" But bid you and the muse farewell."

While thus I mus'd, with anxious mind,
I sate against a rock reclin'd,
Till o'er me sleep his mantle threw,
And steep'd my senses in his dew.
But though I slept, a vivid dream
Still bade each object present seem,
Still on the bank the moon-beams shone,
The stream still rush'd thro' piles of stone.
The trees that rose aloft in air
Still rais'd their tufted foliage there.

Nor yet the thought within my breast
Had with my body sunk to rest,
My firm resolves I still renew'd
Still wish'd I ne'er the muse had woo'd,
And said that her fallacious ray
Should never tempt me more to stray.
Still as I slept methought a breeze
Wav'd the tall summit of the trees,
The water rose with sudden swell,
Then to its former limits fell.
When from the stream a gentle sound
Was heard distinctly all around :

"No! poet...no!"...it seem'd to say,
"Thou must not yet neglect the lay.
"What though proud wealth may shun the place,
"And power avert her frowning face,
"Yet where the muses haunt the green,
"Are tranquil hope and pleasure seen;
"And there shall fame's proud laurel spread
"Its envied shadow o'er thy head;
"And inspiration cherish long,
"The conscious pride of sacred song.
"These shady groves, these limpid streams,
"Do not produce mere idle dreams.
"Can wealth an equal joy impart
"To the pure feelings of the heart?
"Can power's imperial state compare
"To health's gay smile and virtue fair?
"And if these still retreats should prove
"Unequal to excite thy love,
"Cannot these waters boast with pride
"Of living beauties on their side?
"Does not young love from many an eye
"Bid his most potent arrows fly?
"Cannot such charms thy bosom move?
"Or hast thou never learned to love?
"Then go...and if the fair in vain
"May strive thy stubborn heart to gain,
"Then may'st thou boast, and boast secure
"Thou ne'er wilt be a poet more."
I wak'd, and morn with growing red
Had all the eastern sky o'erspread,
Along the vale gay zephyrs play'd,
The birds a cheerful concert made.
Homeward I bent my lingering way,
And could not to myself but say
"My dream, I fear, too true will prove;
"I am a poet, and I love."

J.S.

By *TIMOTHEUS VARNISH*, F. L. S.

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We have delayed the publication of the present number that the following Epigram may be included in it. It had been suggested that some little *jeu d'esprit* which had some *point* in it, would be a very pretty ornament to our second paper, and we had, very fortunately, in our society, a gentleman who is famous for a repartee or an *extempore* copy of verses, and who always keeps a stock of them ready-written to serve on all occasions. He volunteered his services, and promised to supply us with one; but not having any prepared that had been sported less than six times already, and having only a week to accomplish it, he could not finish more than two lines of a tetrastich. He came to me in great tribulation and desired my assistance, which (having Byshe's rhyming dictionary in my pocket) I was able to afford him: but I assure the public that they are very much indebted to me for this condescension, for it obliged me to suspend my labours on the ninety-third, and last book of my Grand Epic Poem on the wars of the Eskimaux and the Copper Indians. I have also given them a Latin motto with a translation thereof; which, if they do not find apply to this number, will, perhaps, fit some other before the conclusion of our career.

By *TIM. VARNISH, & CO.*

IMPROMPTU,

On being asked whether our paper (Moonshine) would succeed:

Indeed, my dear friend, I could wish that it might;
But I fear it will go to the d...l:

For most men love darkness far better than light ;
Because all their doings are evil.*

* Note. The learned Copernicus Ptolemy asserts, that all those who say that this epigram wants *point*, are mistaken, for it contains several *points*, viz. one period, one colon, two semicolons, and two commas. Q. E. D.

RULES

OF THE LUNARIAN SOCIETY,

RELATIVE TO THE ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

In order to give the world an opportunity of participating in all the benefits of our institution, we have resolved that all persons who can produce proofs of having acquired a great deal of Moonshine, or of being able to use it properly, shall be admitted as members. With this view, we publish the following extracts from our proceedings :

1. All young gentlemen who can dance better than their dancing masters, and all young ladies who have spent not less than seven years under a music master, shall be judged to possess a sufficient quantity of Moonshine to entitle them to become members.

2. All gentlemen who can drive a gig well, tie on a cravat, or dress a bowl of sallad in the newest stile, shall be considered as sufficiently skilled in Moonshine to be eligible.

3. Any gentleman who has been to London or to Paris, and can tell long stories about actors and actresses, kings and emperors, and coffee-houses and taverns, has, without doubt, employed his time so as to collect Moonshine enough to entitle him to a seat.

4. Every gentleman who keeps a high-mettled horse and performs the immense labor of travelling from one end of Market-street to the other, twenty times every Sunday, is supposed to know something about Moonshine.———N. B. It is recommended to gentlemen who ride only once a week to take the rowels out of their spurs.

5. All lawyers who give the jury one of Mr. Curran's or Mr. Burke's orations, when they are trying a case of trespass or assault and battery, are qualified to become members of our society.

6. All persons who bought water-stock at 250 dollars, probably acquired with it Moonshine enough to render them eligible.

We have many other regulations, but shall, for the present, omit them, and hasten to the last, which is

All persons unfit for any thing else shall be admitted into the Lunarian Society.

NOTICE.

THE publisher informs the patrons of this work, that he has stated to the authors, a wish expressed by many of their readers, that it could be made to embrace objects of a more miscellaneous nature. To this they answered, that it would be entirely inconsistent with their plan; but gave him leave to close in the same cover, any quantity of miscellaneous matter that he might think fit. He has therefore, resolved to give, with each number of the Moonshine, from four to eight pages of original and selected matter, which will be paged so as to admit of being bound up separately. The whole of this additional

matter to be given in each month, will constitute a number of a distinct work, to be entitled

THE BALTIMORE MAGAZINE.

This department will be under the direction of a gentleman of known literary abilities.

The third Number of the Moonshine will be published on Thursday the 9th of July, together with the first part of No. 1, of The Baltimore Magazine ; after which, they will be published regularly every Thursday.

The two works together will contain from 12 to 16 pages each week, and be delivered or forwarded to those who PAY IN ADVANCE, for Three Dollars for six months, or at the rates heretofore advertised.

Published by SAM'L. JEFFERIS, 212 Market-street, where subscriptions and communications are received.

J. ROBINSON, PRINTER.